

drunk and in love by preserumkink

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Summary:

prompt #43: are you drunk?

steve is drunk and billy is madly in love with him, that's literally all. hope you enjoy this is my first work on here so please be kind! :')

(also sorry for any mistakes i don't proof read because im a lazy bum)

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drunk and in love

“you... really are- *hiccup* the most beautiful person... i have- EVER seen... in the world.”

“oh my.... is the steve harrington, king of hawkins high, drunk off of two beers?” billy says with a laugh, dramatically putting his hand against his chest and gasping.

steve smirks and rolls his eyes, taking another swing of beer but missing his mouth a bit so some trickles down his chin onto his neck and bare chest.

“listen,” he gulps “i’ll have you know this particular beer right here has a very high percentage of alcohol...” he says, pushing the beer can into billy’s face and pointing to the label.

“i’m sure it does,” billy chuckles, swatting steves hand away. “and anyways, how would you even know i’m the most beautiful person in the world when you haven’t ever been out of the country?”

“don’t challenge me, hargrove.” he kicks billy’s leg playfully, making him grunt.

“there could easily be a more beautiful person than me living in germany right now and you would never know it, therefore i am not the most beautiful person you have ever seen. your theory’s been debunked, princess.” billy smirks, waiting for steve’s response.

“nope,” steve shakes his head and sits up to throw a leg over billy’s thighs and straddle the younger boys lap. “i bet you a billion dollars that there’s nobody more beautiful than you are. case closed.” he takes another sip of beer before billy pulls it out of his hand and finishes the can, throwing it across the lawn.

“alright pretty boy, i think that’s enough for the rest of the night.”

billy sits up to peck steve on the lips before grabbing him by the waist and flipping him so that the older boy is underneath him. they admire each other for a few seconds, then billy kisses him on the

nose and lays beside him, threading their fingers together.

they've been laying on the grass in steve's backyard for three hours now. his parents were gone for the weekend which automatically meant billy would be there from friday night to sunday morning. steve tries his hardest to make sure billy stays away from his father as much as possible. he knows what billy goes through. he sees the array of bruises on that cover his body when they make love, kissing each and every one of them so lightly just to let billy know that he's there, and that he's not going anywhere. if there was anything steve could do to help billy in the slightest way possible, it would be done.

so there they were, laying on the grass, looking at the sky and seeing how many stars they could count before they lost track. billy sat up every once in a while to just look at steve, admiring everything about him. watching him as he tipsily babbled on and on about god knows what, but it didn't matter, because billy was just happy to be there in that moment, the only place he actually felt safe, with steve.